MARVEL

THE PULSE

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS • MARK BAGLEY • SCOTT HANNA

DAILY BUGLE

SPECIAL EDITION

, SEPTEMBER 26, 2003 / Partly Cloudy, 68/ Weather Page 36 ** Mike Mayhew

SPIDER-MAN: HERO OR MENACE?

❑ Masked man into action ami urban jungle

AN INSIDE LOOK AT THE MARVEL UNIVERSE'S MOST NOTORIOUS NEWSPAPER, THE DAILY BUGLE!

Former super hero and current private investigator Jessica Jones has just been offered a new job: a position with the Bugle's new super-hero section, The Pulse! Jessica's first assignment: to uncover the true identity of a former Bugle reporter's super-powered murderer! How is millionaire industrialist Norman Osborn involved in the case? And how will Jessica's shocking discovery affect the entire Marvel Universe?

Collecting The Pulse #1-5, written by Brian Michael Bendis (Daredevil) and illustrated by Mark Bagley (Ultimate Spider-Man).

MARVEL

THE PULSE

THIN AIR

THE PULSE

THIN AIR

Writer: Brian Michael Bendis
Penciler: Mark Bagley
Inker: Scott Hanna
Colorists: Pete Pantazis with Brian Reber
Letterer: Virtual Calligraphy's Cory Petit
Cover Art: Mike Mayhew with Avalon's Andy Troy
Assistant Editors: Marc Sumerak & Nicole Wiley
Editor: Andy Schmidt

The Pulse created by Brian Michael Bendis

Collections Editor: Jeff Youngquist
Assistant Editor: Jennifer Grünwald
Book Designer: Carrie Beadle
Creative Director: Tom Marvelli

Digital Manager/Production: Tim Smith 3
Digital Production: Meghan O'Leary
Editor in Chief: Joe Quesada
Publisher: Dan Buckley

© 2021 MARVEL. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

ime in the city plummets 6.5%!
Police Commissioner credits cops on the street Page 16
DAILY BUGLE
SPECIAL EDITION
AY, SEPTEMBER 26, 2003 / Partly Cloudy, 68/ Weather Page 36 ★★ Mike Mayhew
ST 25 ENTS
25¢
SPIDER-MAN: HERO OR MENACE?
Masked ma
into action a
urban jungl
#1

DAILY BUGLE

SPIDER-MAN: MURDERER?

OCTOPUS, ARACHNID MIDTOWN BATTLE TURNS TRAGIC. POLICE QUESTION WHO IS TO BLAME.

By Bugle reporter Kat Farrell

Midtown once again became a bloody battle-ground as masked serial murder suspect Spider-Man and the once well renowned scientist Otto Octavius duked it out in front of dozens of innocent bystanders. Otto Octavius, now more widely known as Doctor Octopus, making reference to the industrial accident that fused his metal laboratory arms to his torso, was thrashing away wildly as Spider-Man chased him up 8th Avenue.

Multiple witnesses say that Octavius was carrying a bright yellow metal canister under his left human arm, as his metal arms carried his body through and

Photo by Peter P

edestrian traffic and
at the oncoming
-Man by one of
vius' metal arms.
yewitnesses say
n saved her from
hysical harm and
laced her on the
died from
utes

over traffic as
to fight off S
Man's constan
violent advance

But things turne
ugly quickly, E
Stern, 46, wa
out ofped
and thro
oncoming Spide

DAILY BUGLE
SPIDER-
MURDER

CANDY- CIGAR
EAM- SODAS

ping in his
plained about leaki
ping sounds from the apar
When the police arrived on the sc
previously mentioned whale had eaten
vner and was trying to escape from the bath
ub. It is not known if the Hulk was involved.

YAKUZA OUTBURST
IN HELL'S KITCHEN
by Ben Urich

A quiet night in Hell's Kitchen turned into a circus of violence and mayhem as over a hundred young men of Asian descent were apprehended by federal agents after what witnesses described as erupted

Photo by C.B.

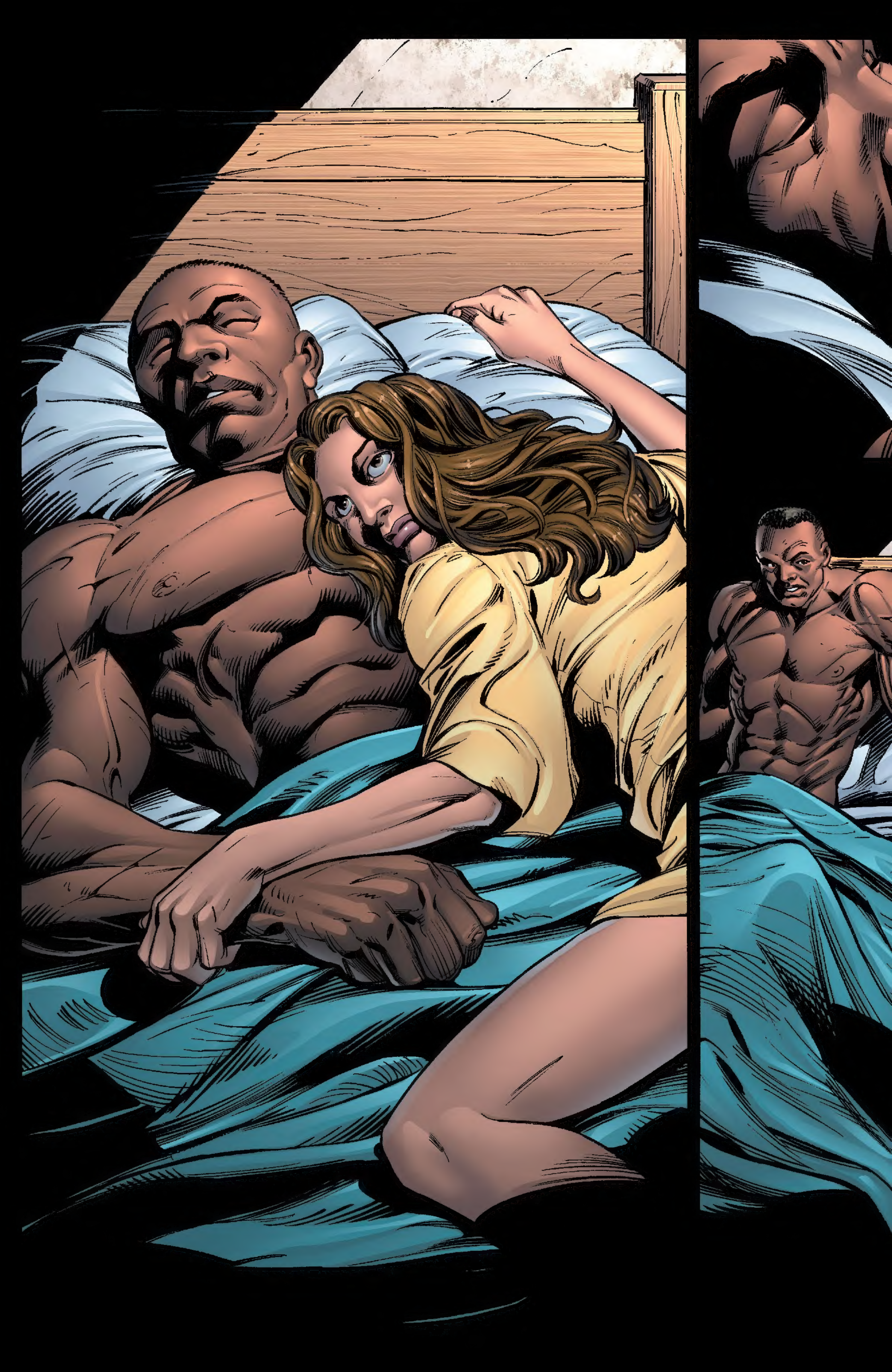
not known
KUZA OUTB
HELL'S KITCHE
Ben Urich
l's Kitchen turned into
circus of violence and
mayhem as over a hundred
young men of Asian
scent were apprehended
al agents after what
described as
erupted

Photo by

17-c
FOUND
f the sewer yesterday
ople standing at the
e that they
a mutant. Soon

DAILY
SPIDER-
MURDER

Central Park...



Hey.
'Msleepin'.
Are you asleep?
Sleepin'.
I gotta go.
K.
I hope I don't screw it up.
You won't.
But, listen, hey, if that crew cut starts lippin' at ya, if he starts disrespectin'...
...you tell him that your boyfriend is a huge black super hero with unbreakable skin named Luke Cage.
And that he's *looking* for an excuse to come up there.
Boyfriend.
Didn't even stutter on it that time.
Man, Luke Cage is my boyfriend.
Which isn't nearly as messed up as the fact that Jessica Jones is my actual girlfriend.
I don't want to screw this up. We need the insurance.
You won't screw it up.
We need the insurance.
Call me on my cell when you're done.

PRETZELS
HOT DOGS

You open?

What?

You got a pretzel ready for me, my man?

Yeah, yeah sure.

My man!

DAILY BUGLE

SPIDER-MAN: MURDERER?

OCTOPUS, ARACHNID MIDTOWN BATTLE TURNS TRAGIC POLICE QUESTION WHO IS TO BLAME

By Bugle reporter Kat Farrell

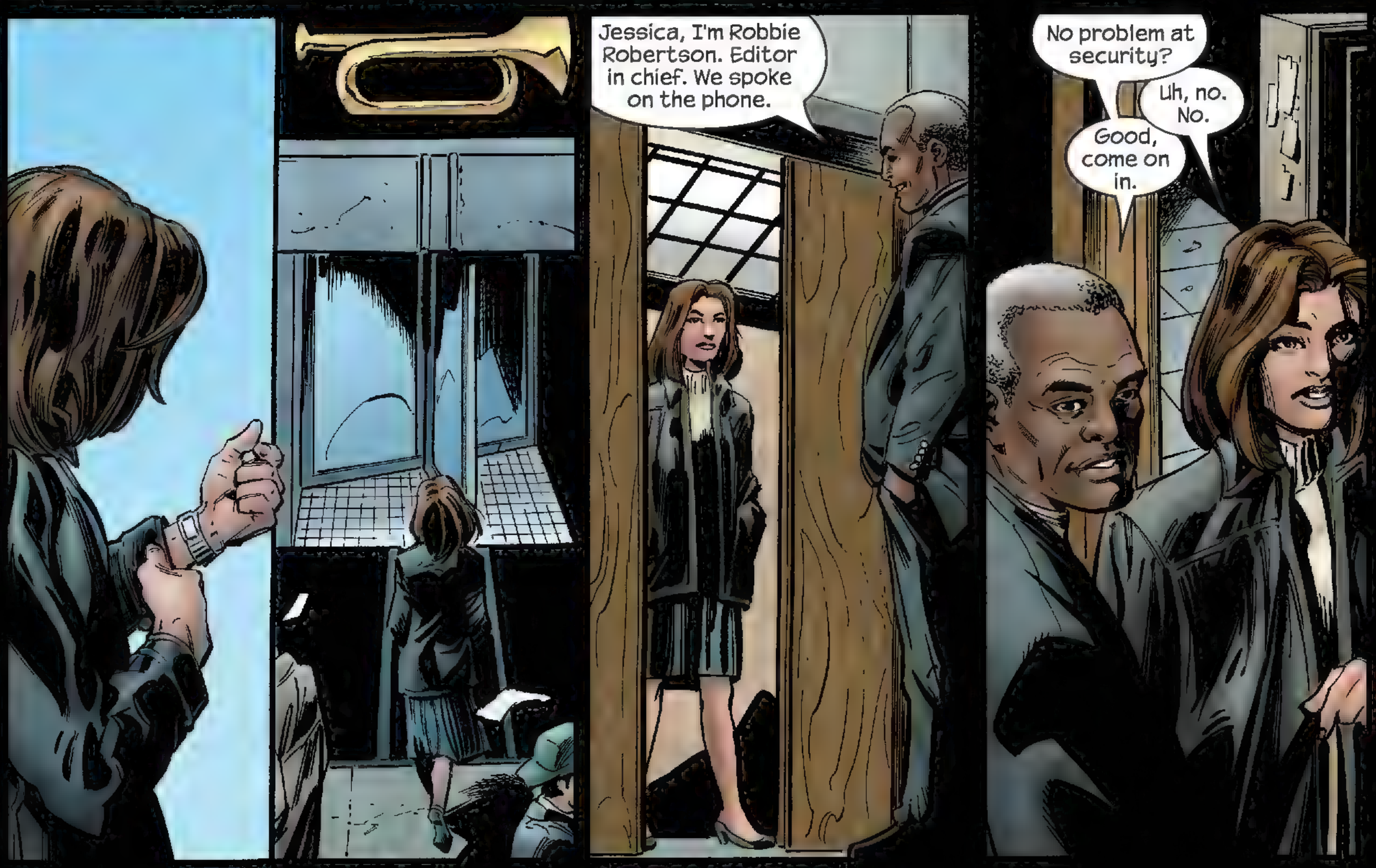
Midtown once again became a bloody battle-ground as masked serial murder suspect Spider-Man and the once well renowned scientist Otto Octavius duked it out in front of dozens of innocent bystanders. Otto Octavius, now more widely known as Doctor Octopus, making reference to his industrial accident that fused his metal tentacle-like prosthetic arms to his torso, was thrashing away wildly as Spider-Man chased him up Avenue. Multiple witnesses say that Octavius is carrying a bright yellow metal canister under his left arm, as his

Photo by Peter Parker

But things turned ugly quickly, Emma Stern, 46, was pic out of pedestrian traffic and throw at the oncoming Spider-Man one of Octavius' metal arms Though eyewitnesses say S Man saved her from serio physical harm and gently her on the ground, Stern from a heart attack ten

"The way I this Spider-Man jerk w his nose in, and he'd this Octopus dude of this would have said a police dete to the case "We with this Octav that's for sure, Man is a cons and situation

me a bloody battleground as masked serial murder ed scientist Otto Octavius now



Jessica Jones.

Hey. Its Ben Urich.

It is.

Here you are.

I'm always here. What are *you* doing here?

I got, y'know, a meeting.

With who?

Jonah J--

No.

Yes.

Wow.

Exactly.

What about?

I think he's--I think he's offering me a *job.*

Really.

I think so, but--

Who knows with him.

Exactly.

A job to do what?

I really don't--

You look great.

Yeah?

Really. You really do.

Where's Kidder?

Dunno.

You do, you look--

Yeah? Wow. Well, it's funny, because actually I'm--

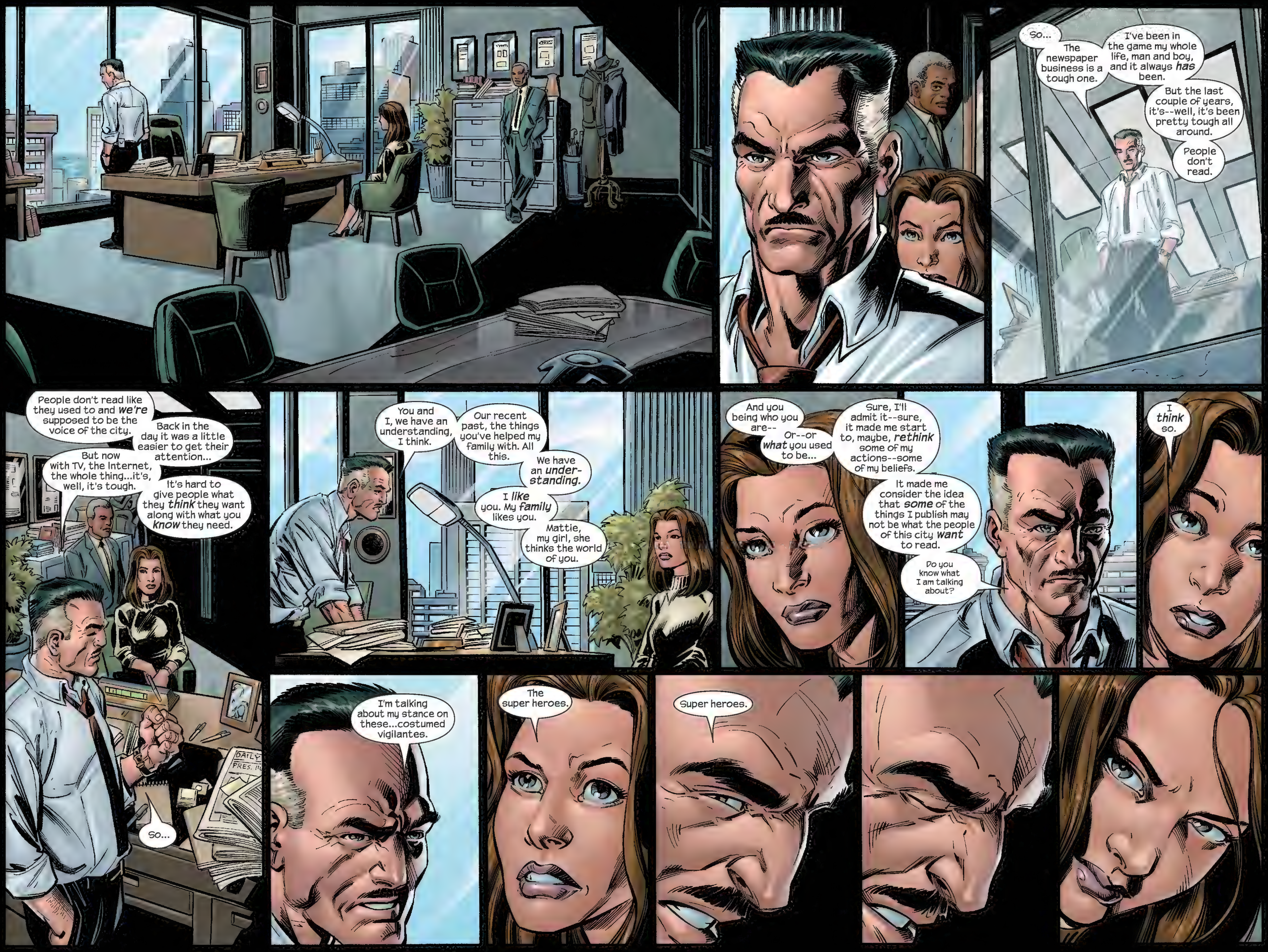
Jessica.

Oh. Um--

Go.

Uh, yeah, see you around.

Yeah.



So...
The newspaper business is a tough one.
I've been in the game my whole life, man and boy, and it always *has* been.
But the last couple of years, it's--well, it's been pretty tough all around.
People don't read.
People don't read like they used to and *we're* supposed to be the voice of the city.
Back in the day it was a little easier to get their attention...
But now with TV, the Internet, the whole thing...it's, well, it's tough.
It's hard to give people what they *think* they want along with what you *know* they need.
So...
You and I, we have an understanding, I think.
Our recent past, the things you've helped my family with. All this.
We have an *under-standing.*
I *like* you. My *family* likes you.
Mattie, my girl, she thinks the world of you.
And you being who you are--
Or--or *what* you used to be...
Sure, I'll admit it--sure, it made me start to, maybe, *rethink* some of my actions--some of my beliefs.
It made me consider the idea that *some* of the things I publish may not be what the people of this city *want* to read.
Do you know what I am talking about?
I *think* so.
I'm talking about my stance on these...costumed vigilantes.
The super heroes.
Super heroes.

DAILY BUGLE

GET OUT!

The Fantastic Four evicted

It seems that my feeling that these super heroes are sociopath vigilantes with serious issues with authority... might not be the *popular* opinion in this city.

People want their heroes and they'll look anywhere to get them.

Even to people who wear masks.

DAILY BUGLE

SPIDER-MAN:

MURDERER?

And at this point, with readership where it is...

...I do have to consider that my *personal* disdain for them, and what they represent, is now hurting my paper.

DAILY BUGLE

AVENGERS DISASTER

Robbie here, for *years* now, has been warning me that this might happen.

And darn if he wasn't, on some level, right.

I don't know...

DAILY BUGLE

SPIDER-MAN NO MORE

But I have to do *something* before we all *bleed* to death here.

I have to try something different.

The offer is as follows.

We're going to start a special weekly section of the paper.

Tentatively called "*The Pulse.*"

I *hate* the name, but it's the best we have right now.

Every week we'll report on the $%^ $%^%$ super heroes.

Everything from the big stories to the social stuff.

Profiles, current events headlines, and exclusive in-depth reporting of larger ongoing stories.

Not that 'shoot and cut' *crud* the networks run every time some Chinese tourist with a camera looks skyward and sees Thor for half a second...

I'm talking about the *real stories.*

With perspective and analysis. The whole shmear.

And for this, what I need is a new point of view.

Oh, uh, I don't--I don't know how to write.

I don't *want* you to write.

I just want *you.*

I want your point of view of other people's stories. I want your stories.

Ben Urich will *write* the stories. You'll just *be* the stories or be there *for* the stories.

We're buying your brain.

Wow, huh.

I didn't know papers do stuff like this.

We hire analysts all the time.

Economic, political, now we'll have a *vigilante* analyst.

But yes, this, *this is* an unconventional decision because business is bad.

And when business is bad, you start thinking outside the box.

Also, as I said, this is an area *I* need personal help with, and I am paying *you* to help me.

So you'd be paying me to...

That's, yeah, that's very interesting.

So, what do you need from us?

I need health insurance.
Okay.
And, like, a contract. A *guarantee.*
Some kind of *stability.*
That's--yeah--I need some stability.
We'll give it to legal.
But also, I--I should tell you...
...that I am...
...I am pregnant.
Is it Luke Cage's?
I'm sorry?
Is it Luke Cage's?
You've been seen around town with him.
It is.
Yeah.
You're going to *have* it?
Yes.
We want the exclusive.
I'm sorry?
As part of the deal. The exclusive, we want it.
The announcement, birth announcement. First pictures. We want it.
It's good for the whole deal. It's good. Pumps up your profile. It's nice, human interest.
I'm not--I'm not ready to announce it yet.
It's too early.
When you're *ready!*
When you're--yes. Two urban super heroes having a baby...it's nice.
You'll be like that actress and that other guy--what's his face?
It'll be great.
'Congratulations' is the word he was looking for.
That's wonderful.
We'll get this all settled and then we're going to get you a cover story in the Sunday magazine.
Pump up your profile.
"Working mother super hero."
It's good for all of us. Make a name out of you. Like a star columnist.
We're the paper with a super hero on staff.
We're going to make you a real--a *face.*
We're going to spend some real money on this.
Billboards. Bus signs. Maybe some spots.

And this will be good for Urich too.

Between me and you...

And I should say that everything I *say* to you, by ***definition***, is between me and you...

Between me and you, Urich is in a rut.

It happens to the best of us, but it may be his best reporter days are behind him.

Jonah...

He's a good writer. No doubt. Uncontested.

Good writer.

But he's-- he ***needs*** this.

He needs-- you'll see.

So, is that a yes?

But, so you know, between us, this is about *you.*

Yeah, right over there, you *see* that? What is that?

How long has it *been* there?

I don't know, like, all day?

All *day?*

And you're just reporting it *now?*

Why? What *is* it?

See that?

There.

This is Officer Burman.

I'm--I'm at the west side of Central Park. I'm at the reservoir. Over.

Whadaya got, over?

It's a 322. I have a body, possible homicide.

Request backup, detectives, and call someone from the city morgue.

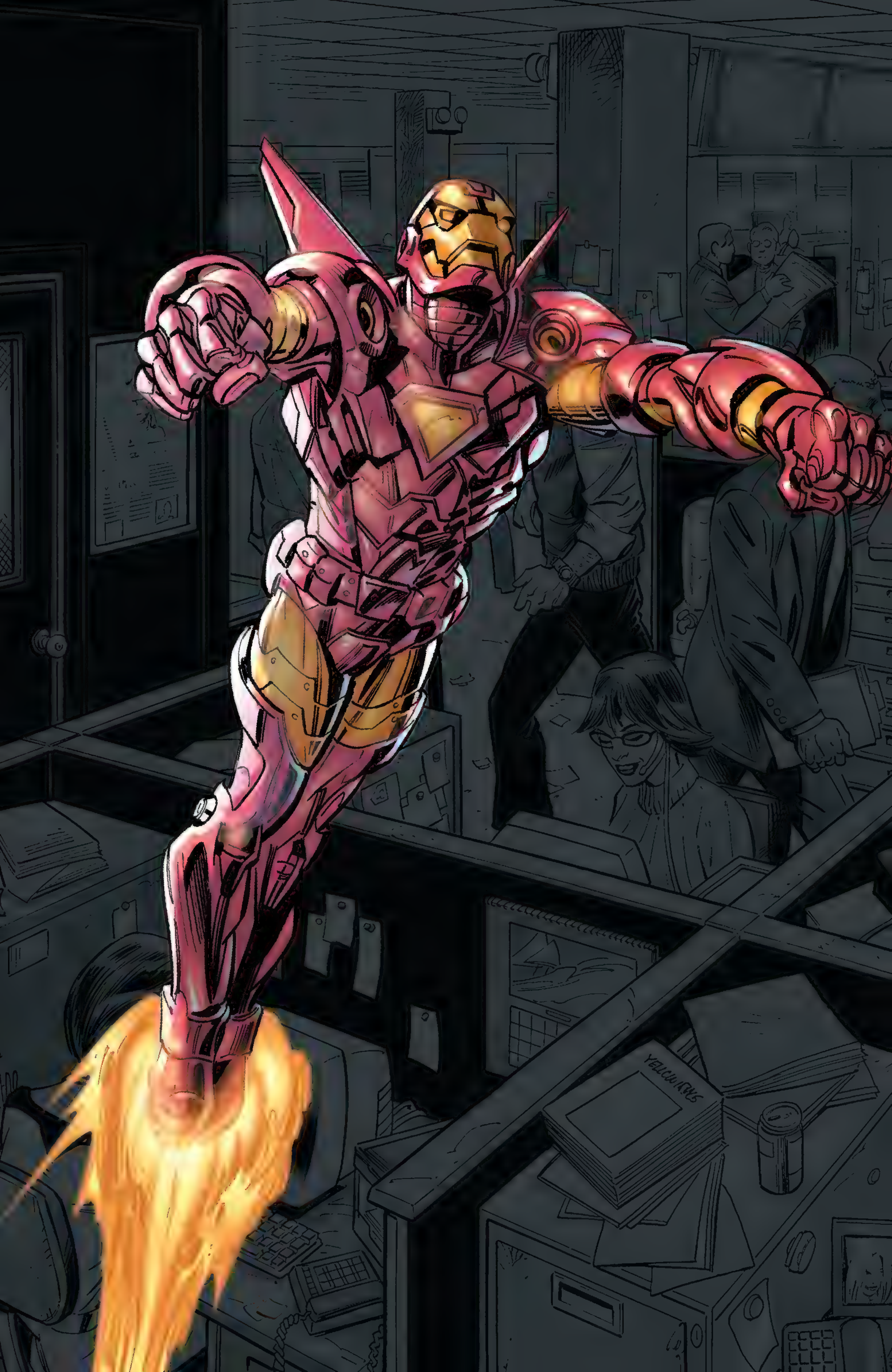
It's out there in the middle of the water.

You're taking me off city?
You're lucky I'm *talking* to you, Urich.
Jonah...
I don't understand.
You're taking me off city?
Listen, whiney baby person.
I'm giving you a forum.
This is your chance to report the way *you* want to report.
I'm upping your profile.
"The Pulse."
This--this is for real?
I need another.
You're *really* doing this? This is--you're changing the editorial point of view of the--
No.
Scum is scum and costumed scum is costumed scum.
But I need to sell papers.
And I'm willing to...*swallow* it and give the people what they *think* they want.
They want the 'heroes,' we'll give them the heroes.
If that's the story! *IF!* You hear me?
If!
But if any one of them is caught doing anything to anybody in any way, shape or form that, you know, is *news...*
I'm going to nail the jerk to the--
But you're serious with this?
Yes.
Well now we're talkin.
So, you and I, we're not fighting anymore?
We're done *'not talking'*, yes.
You're not mad at me for not giving up Daredevil's secret identity even though I knew?
I will resent you for it until the day you die.
And at your funeral I will stand up in front of your wife and children, and your grandchildren and I will say that you--
But we're talking.
Yes.
This is interesting.
Robbie will edit. You go get stories.
But I need *you* two to deliver.
Listen, between me and you...
Jessica, she--she's good people. There's no question. No one is debating that.
But she's a washout.
B level through and through.
Jonah...
I'm saying--she's good for as many stories as we can get out of her.
But you're the glue. You get me?
Between us, this is about *you.*
This is good news, Ben.

"The Pulse."
I like it.
I have some ideas.
Knew you did.
Okay.
Let me make this as clear as possible...
This *has* to work.
We *need* this.
You understand me?
First story--
--It's gotta be a doozy.
Doctor, what does it look like?
Looks like a dead woman, detective.
Smells like a dead woman.
And if it *looks* like a dead woman and it *smells* like a dead woman...
I hate that stupid joke.
I know.
And yet you always--
You hating it makes it funny for me.
She's a mess, this one.
She was dropped.
Dropped?
She wasn't just tossed in the water. She was dropped.
From up high.
From up high?
See? Here and here, see? She was dropped in a fly-by.
Tsk.
I.D.?
Yeah, yeah, it's right here.

Look who it is...

Aww, man, this is going to be a nightmare.

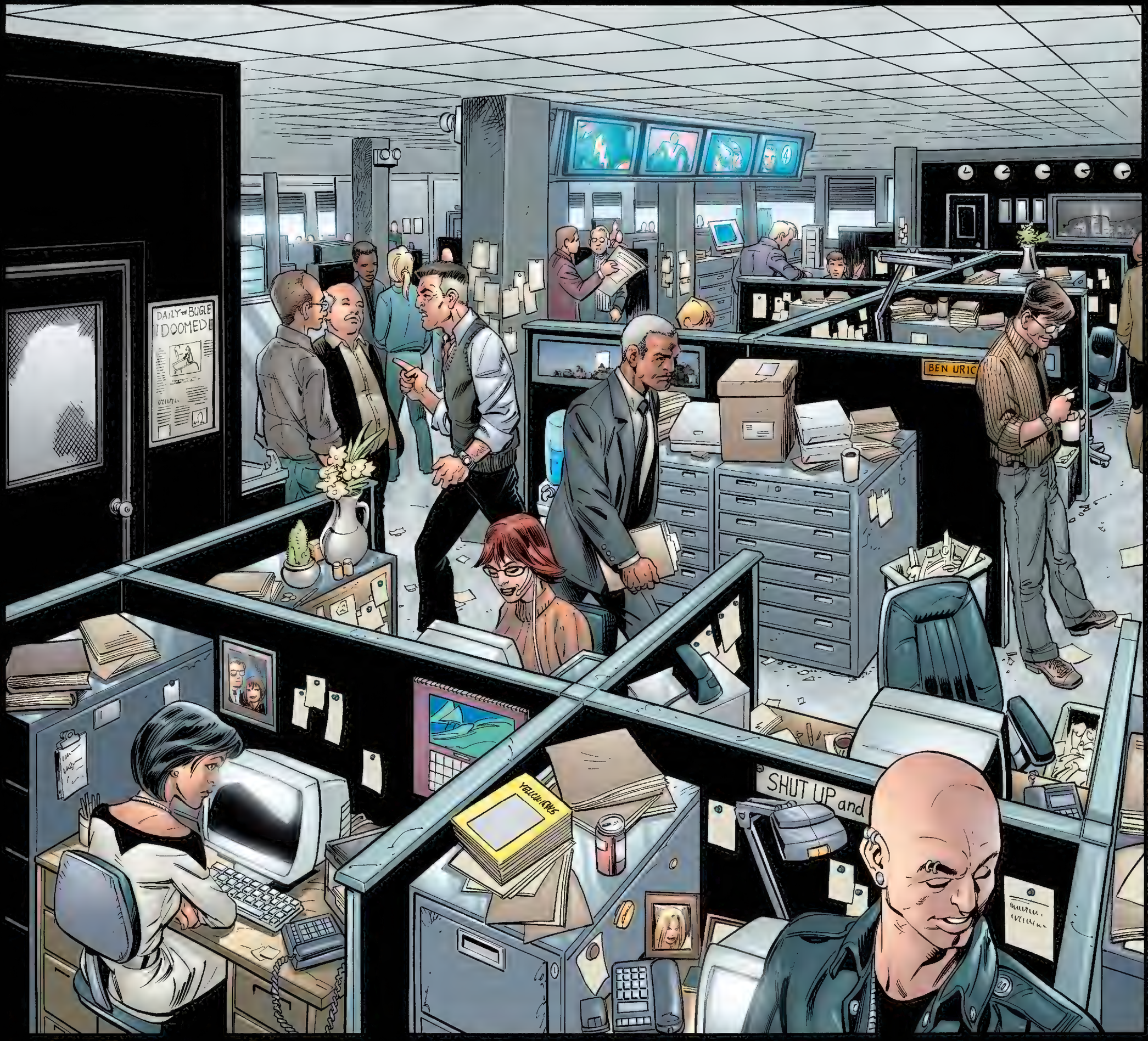

YELLOW FILES

#2

Yesterday

My name is Terri Kidder.

I'm going to get fired.



I am.

I can feel it.

It's three o' clock
and I have no story.

I need a story. That's
what this stupid job is.
It's ***all*** it is.

Finding a story. Getting
a story. Feeding a story.
Making a story.

Four kabillion
people in this
city.

Every one of them cheating, robbing, killing, stabbing, someone out of something somewhere...and I have *no story!*

Half the people in this ***room*** are probably closet ***mutants*** and I have no story.

I've been here two weeks and I haven't found one story worth publishing.

But I have to find ***something*** or I am out on my toosh by Friday.

No joke. I am
so gone it's not
even funny.

But I've never worked for a paper like ***this.*** My last job was at one of those big, old-fashioned, great metropolitan newspapers...

...and if you're, basically, ***everyone*** I know...you're asking: "Why on earth would you leave a job at a big, respected newspaper to come work at a tabloid like the frakakta Daily Bugle?"

And by tabloid I'm not talking about 'Princess Di's head is kidnapped by Aliens' or--or 'Reed Richards is sleeping with Madonna,' no.

'Tabloid' gets a crap reputation because people don't know what the ***word*** means.

Tabloid is the format. The folded newspaper format. And it's the only thing we have in common with those pieces of rag trip.

No. This is a real tabloid newspaper.

And I ***wanted*** to work here...in New York City. For exactly ***this*** kind of paper.

My other job felt shallow and--and uninspired. Look at this place! Look how alive it is.

We are the voice of the ***people.*** We're the voice of the common man. The commuter. The coffee gut.

We speak for ***everyone*** in a language they want and understand.

Me personally? No. I'm not speaking for ***anyone*** because I have ***no story!***

I'm just not used to the ***politics*** of this place yet.

I mean, ***every*** place has them, the politics. I just don't understand how this place works.

At my old paper we never even *saw* the publisher. His office was in a different part of the building. I think I saw him walk by once at a Christmas party.

But here at the Bugle, J. Jonah Jameson is everywhere!

He's got his sleeves rolled up and ink all over his shirt and he's running around in everyone's face.

Rewriting copy, setting headlines, dictating assignments, enforcing policy...

...he's *everywhere!*

I don't *know* him or anything but jeez, man, if you hired people to *do* a job, let them do their job.

What's he so *worried* about? Guy's got more money than Tony Stark and he's running around like it's all about to end.

And hey, who knows, circulation's way down. Maybe it *is* about to end.

People don't *read* anymore. They don't read anything. Books, magazines. They don't read.

This is the first generation where newspapers aren't a *habit*. The habit is broken.

Now you have to put on a real dog and pony show to compete with the four other daily papers, and the five 24-hour news networks, and talk radio, and the internet...

...and people don't read.

Maybe it's getting to him.

But I kinda get the feeling he's *always* been this way.

But I mean it...

...Why hire a guy like Robbie Robertson as Editor in Chief if you're not going to give him editorial control?

And Robbie's the real deal, man.

And I'm not just saying this because he ***hired*** me.

This guy was reporting on the ***Klan*** down in the ***south*** when young, black men would disappear and never be ***heard*** from again.

This guy is a reporter's reporter.

My first meeting with him...I actually had chills.

I never met ***anyone*** in our business who so wholeheartedly believes that what they are doing is the single most ***important*** thing a person can ***do*** in our society.

He wants to bring the city ***together*** with words and pict--

Hey, Terri, right?

Yeah. Kathy?

Kat.

Kat.

Stapler?

What?

I don't have one.
Can I borrow yours?
You should get one.
Yeah.
You holding it together?
Yeah. Yeah, sure...
What do you have for the 4 o' clock?
The 'Most Powerful People in the City' feature? I'm doing the Avengers.
Eeeee...
What?
I wouldn't.
The Avengers.
I wouldn't.
Why?
DAILY BUGLE DOOMED!
Jonah has kind of a--oh, watch this.
Here it comes...

See that? Ben Urich, star reporter.

Big star reporter with a bus poster with a byline and he hasn't written anything worth reading since I got here.

Well, he nailed all that Kingpin stuff--

A billion years ago.

So what-- I don't get it-- what did I just see?

Jonah hasn't spoken to him in over a month and he doesn't even seem to care.

Amazing.

Way it goes-- he actually knows Daredevil's secret identity and he won't *tell* anyone.

You know Daredevil?

Man without fear?

Man without fear.

He had the story of the *year!!*

And he kept it...to *himself!*

I'm sure he had some big reason and all but that just seems *insane* to me.

And then he *told* Jonah that he had it in his hands and didn't do anything with it.

I mean, it's just *insane* to me!

What kind of reporter *is* that?

With a big bus poster and a byline...

What *is* this?

Who handed this in?

I--
I did.

The Avengers?

You said--

I want the 100 most powerful people in the city.

Could you be a little more obvious than the $%^ &**^ Avengers?

UGLE WAR

I didn't know that *obvious* was necessarily a bad--

People.

We report on people. Human people.

I don't *want* this.

What's your name again?

I'm--

The Avengers can buy an ad if they want more free press!

Get this out of my face!

Jonah...

Get out of here! Get *out* of my meeting! This meeting is for reporters!

Find something worth printing.

DLEEDLEEDLEE

DLEEDLEEDLEE

Daily Bugle, newsroom.

Oh man, you gotta get down here and stuff.

It's Spider-Man- Spider-Man is getting his **butt** kicked by this flying, old, bald dude in some green **wing** thing.

They are flying all over the place and--

Where **are** you?

Oh, we're-- whoah! You see that?

We're right outside Port Authority on the south

BOOM

Oh man, Spider-mMan, the guy just flew into a--wwhhoaahh!!!

PTAKA

Come on, ya freaks!!

Let's *move* it!!

MERK BECK

We're ready to go live, on five, okay...

Yes, Katie, we are here, broadcasting *live* right outside The Port Authority...

...where the misunderstood and often ***controversial*** costumed Spider-Man is ***again*** fighting someone who ***we*** believe to be the felon known as the Vulture!

The Vulture allegedly robbed a museum earlier today.

We have security camera footage of that which we will be showing you again at the top of the hour...

... but this attempt by Spider-Man, in broad daylight, to apprehend him, is nothing short of...

You know, I *blame* Viagra for your latest AA AAGGH!!

That-- that was a *close* one, folks!!

But you have it here live-- live on Fox News channel four.

FOX

FOX

You're going to *miss* me when I'm gone, right?

What are you *talking* about, Terri? You just got here.

I am *so* going to get fired, Sheryl.

You just got here.

I'm-- trust me. I'm going to get fired.

I need a-- unless you have a big story for me.

Anything going on in accounts payable at Oscorp that would make a good front page headline?

What have you heard?

What have I heard about what?

Why did you ask me that?

I don't know what we're talking about?

Is there something going on at Oscorp?

I shouldn't--first of all, I signed a non-disclosure agreement and I don't--

Don't have any proof of *what*?

I shouldn't...

I don't have any *proof*.

I'm just--I'm a little freaked out is all.

We're just two girls talking.

What is it? Like tax fraud or--

What?

Please. I wish.

There's-- there's people missing.

Missing?

There's this girl Debbie in our accounts payable.

She was just an intern, cute and all.

But she--last week--she up and disappeared.

She didn't show up to work for a few days, then this biker guy...

...some guy she was dating... comes around looking for her.

No one knows where she is.

Okay, that's weird and all, but I didn't even know her last name or anything.

Then we hear--in the cafeteria--we hear that one of the R and D guys disappeared.

This guy, name of...what was it? It was so weird...

It was-- oh yeah-- Finkelblatt.

This guy... like a doctor or something...he up and disappears!

His family's looking for him...

And then today, just like an hour ago, this guy Kirby...

...guy works security. Coolest guy.

We hear *he's* up and gone and his wife is freaking out.

Guy's *gone!!*

I mean... three guys are gone.

I am freaked out.

Here's the thing--

Could just be some weird thing. One of those *things.*

I'm just freaked out is all. Okay?

I'm thinking of taking a couple of sick days... just 'til they find out what this is. Who is doing this?

Could be nothing.

I just--I feel--it's--I feel something really bad happened.

It feels bad.

"Just one of those things?"

What kind of things?

I don't know.

12

6

BEE BOO BOO

Directory.

Oscorp, Manhattan office. Norman Osborn's office.

One moment. We'll connect you at no additional charge...

Oscorp.

Norman Osborn, please.

May I ask who's calling?

Hi, yes, I'm Terri Kidder. I'm a reporter from the Daily Bugle.

We're doing a piece on the 100 most powerful people in Manhattan and...

Oh...

And my editors have assigned me Mr. Osborn, for obvious reasons, and I was hoping to get a reaction.

Oh, that's just wonderful. Problem is, though, he's in on a phone conference right now.

Oh...

Can we schedule something tomorrow?

Well, I have to fly out of New York tomorrow to interview Tony Stark. Is there--?

You're in the city?

Yes, not too far from you, actually.

Let's see...

Well, he has his phone conference with the West Coast now and then he has a reception at 8.

If you want to pop on over, I should be able to get you ten minutes of face time before he leaves.

You get to see his new offices.

Actually that would be fantastic.

Security will know you're coming.

OSCORP

Can I get you something to drink?

Oh no, I'm fine.

He's changing into his tux and will be with you in a moment.

Thank you so much.

Are you sure I can't get you--

Oh, I'm fine.

Good evening.

Mr. Osborn, thank you so much for seeing me.

Oh, please, I'm flattered. What's the piece about?

The 100 most powerful people in the city.

You work for J. Jonah Jameson.

Yes, sir.

And he's putting *me* on a list like this?

Sure, why wouldn't he?

J. Jonah Jameson?

Yes, sir.

Just interesting, is all. So...let's get to it.

How does it feel, Mr. Osborn? To hear your name being put to a list like this?

Well, as my father used to say, it's better than a kick in the pants.

Yes, sir.

But, lists like this...it's hardly the goal in life.

You don't sit around your office, go about your day, hoping to make a list...

You just want to run your life, your company, as best you can.

Give back where you can.

Sure.

And how many employees does Oscorp employ right now?

I don't have the figure at the top of my head, but quite a few.

Over a thousand?

Probably.

I can get you the exact figure.

It's--well, lately, there's been a few that...

...turned up missing, hasn't there?

Ego.
You got me with ego.
I'm sorry...
You pulled a little tricky trick.
Ego ego ego got you in the door.
Do--do you have a comment for our read--

CRACK

AAGGHHUU

No!! No!!

AAIEIEE!!

=urk=

=HcK=

=HcK=

=kkkkkk=

=hck=

=KKKKK=

=KKKKK=

I own your soul now.

SPLASH

DAILY BUGLE

WE WERE RIGHT!

DAILY BUGLE

NYC'S MOST POWERFUL PEOPLE

#3

DAILY BUGLE, TODAY, 9:22AM

Jonah...

You do it.

Some of you know, some don't...

But we *lost* one of our reporters last night.

Terri Kidder, who came to us recently, was found dead and mutilated in the reservoir on the east side of Central Park.

N.Y.P.D. Homicide is working the case and we are in full cooperation with them.

But, Jonah has asked me to tell you... that we take care of our own.

Her family is flying in tonight. I want to be able to look her mother in the eye and tell her exactly what happened to her daughter.

You are, without question, the finest investigative reporters in this city.

And you will cast a net so wide and meticulous that no one could escape it.

This story will be told and told well. By us.

Ben and Kat, this is your story.

Anyone finds anything, you get it to them.

And I want every one of you, every one, cooperating with the police in any way they see fit.

No grandstanding. No game playing.

This is *important.*

This is-- well...

I want results by 2 o'clock.

RATS

Luke...
Are you not talking to me?

I'm talking to you, Jessica.
Are we fighting?
No.
But you're mad?
I ain't thrilled.
Why?
I didn't say yes.

You're *going* to.
It's a good offer.
Pss!
What?
He's Jameson.
I--
Jameson is Jameson.
Listen--
He's going to use you up, pick your bones clean, and toss you out with the trash.
I actually don't think he *is* going to--
Please.
I don't. No.
And if he does, we *are* getting *paid* for it.
You're getting paid.
We're getting paid. We're--no, listen-- we're having a baby.
So, you know, when something happens to one of us it happens to *both* of us.
But y'see, girl, if he goes and makes you *all* famous, then, if I'm hanging *around* you...
Then *I'm* going to be famous, and I don't *want* to be famous.
Are you serious?
What?
You're serious?
I am so serious.
Luke...

You *are* famous.

Ain't.

You're Luke Cage.

You're a super hero.

You've been one for years. You've--

No, nah, I'm just a--

YEAH

Yo! Luke Cage, you rock like a muther $%^&er!! Keep on keepin' on!!

That--you *pay* that guy to do that?

I understand your point.

But--but-- but you're *angry* at me and all I have--

I-I-I'm just telling you what *happened* and--

What the hell is wrong with you?

What's going on?

You gonna cry?

No.

Aw, man, is--what *is* this?

You never cry. This a pregnant thing?

...Yes.

Aaahhhugh!!

Okay, I'm sorry. You're right, I was--listen. We both got things we gotta work on, right? It's okay.

We need the insurance. Sniff! We need the money, and it--

You're right. Stop crying.

I'm sorry.

It's cool.

BEEBOOBEEBOO

I have a phone call.

Hello? Hel--hold on.

I can't hear-- hello?

Danny Rand never cried...

Except the one time.

Who was it?

It was a guy from the *Bugle*. Something's going down. They--want me to go in.

Okay.

Is it?

Guess the thing to do is...

If there's something I don't want to do, I just won't do it.

We *do* need the money. It is a good gig.

The rest we'll figure out.

Thank you.

You okay?

I hate my body.

I don't.

My body hates me.

Well, that's your thing then.

DAILY BUGLE, 10:58 AM

NE - DO NOT CROSS - POLICE LINE - DO NOT CROSS - POL

E LINE - DO NOT CROSS - POLICE LINE -D

Box number 4091- you have no messages. No saved messages.

Hi, Detective Gans?

I'm Ben Urich.

Did you kill her?

NYPD

What?

Did you kill Terri Kidder?

No.

Then go stand over there, I'm working.

Uh, um, I'm working on the case and I thought...

No. *I'm* working on the case.

I'm the homicide detective *assigned* to the case by the city of New York.

You are bothering me *tremendously* is what you are doing.

I was hoping we could work together.

Oh, did you? Did you hope that?

I'm sorry, have I done something to *offend*--

You're breathing, right?

Hey! Listen...

You reporters... this paper--

This paper *sticks* it to the department about every other weekday.

A cop can't pick his nose without you all writing 15 editorials about how it's destroying the moral fiber of the city.

And what do *you* do for people, huh?

Exactly how do you people think you can criticize *us*?

Plus, you *never* consult us when you are about to break a story.

No matter *what* the consequences are or how big a *mess* you all leave us to clean up.

And oh goody good, *now* you want to work together because it's one of yours?

Hey Ben, what's going on?

Oh, I was just being scolded by my mom here.

If I was your mom I would have done spanked your @%@%.

So...no comment then?

BIO WASTE
Property of Medical Examiner's Office

Would it kill you to buy a *paper* on your break, Tommy?

God!

Sorry. How's the hair?

This is *my* time, Kat.

I know.

I get, like, 20 minutes all day.

I know.

What do you want, Kat?

You know.

What? That woman.

Terri Kidder. Yeah.

She worked at the *Bugle*. You got her in a freezer.

If the coroner knew I even *knew* you--

Guy's four thousand years old. Come on, man, give me a break. I worked with her.

She's dead. She's a mess. What do you want from my life?

She was in the reservoir?
Yeah, for at least, what did he say? Yeah, at least 7 hours she was in there.
Ever see a body--dead body all water-logged?
Tsk.
Oh yeah, and, yeah...
...she was *dropped* in.
Well, yeah...
No, I mean from up high.
Up high? What does that mean? How high?
Yeah, she had all these, whadaya call 'em? *Impact* wounds.
Right? Get me? Like she hit the water... hard.
From up high.
Yeah.
And is that how she died?
Oh no, no, she was *strangled* to death.
Big meaty man hands. Indentations and bruising on her neck.
And it was definitely a guy. Big guy. Not Hulk big, but big.
Lord...
Yeah.
Problem for *us* is she soaked in that crap water for, like, all that time.
So fibers and all that...we got nothing.
Except... it was a guy.
Why do you keep looking at your watch all the--
Here it comes, watch this.

How did you--?

Dude, like clockwork.

Every day. Same time. Zooms right by. Like a spaceship.

Guy's gotta live around here or something.

Every day.

Someone dropped her.

From up high.

Yeah, but I don't think it was Iron Man.

CENTRAL PARK, 3:22 PM

Could'a been a helicopter.

Could have been a plane.

They say a guy, big guy, not Hulk big but big--

Big guy strangled the heck out of her and killed her.

Did the guy have the super-duper? Was he whacky on the junk?

Don't know. Either way, he killed her...

...and he flew by...

...and he tossed her in the scuzzy water.

So...

Well, it wasn't me.

How many flying people we have here in New York?

Dunno.

You fly?

Badly.

Who else?

You do?

Seriously, there's, like, 4700 people in this city alone.

True.

So who?

I got nothing.
Me neither.
What were we just doing?
If it ends up it's a flying guy, we'll have to call S.H.I.E.L.D. and report it.
Yeah.
Is that how it works?
Supposed to.
All the time?
Supposed to.
Did not know that.
And if we call S.H.I.E.L.D., we lose the story.

DAILY BUGLE, 9:37 PM

POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS

CROSS POLICE LINE

NEW YORK

Oops.

Tsk.

Took her hard drive.

No. No, no. No.

What is that? Oh yeah. That's the electric company phone number. That's Avengers Mansion...

You have one unheard message.

Terri, Terri, hey, it's me, Sheryl.

Listen. You know that stuff I told you yesterday about Oscorp.

All that crap I was saying about people missing and all that...

Just- just forget it.

Just, you know...

I was a little drunk. I really, don't worry about it.

I don't know **what** I was on about, okay?

You had that look in your eye like you were going to look into it and I would really--it would be great if you didn't do **anything** because if anyone knew we were friends and that we went to school together or anything--you know?

I really **need** my job here at Oscorp. Not want, need.

So just forget about it.

And if you did already and I'm just being a spaz, well, I'm just being a spaz.

Okay. Listen, call me at home tonight and we'll go to that movie, okay? Okay.

Osborn...

Osborn.

Oh my lord...

Hello?
Peter Parker, please.
Yeah, this is me.
It's Ben Urich.
Oh, hey man...
We need to talk...it's important.
Yeah?
It's about Norman Osborn.
Hello?

BUGLE

THIS WEEK IN THE PULSE

THIS WEEK IN

WANTED!

THIS WEEK IN THE PULSE

WANTED!

Mayhew

#4

Legacy of Evil

...

by Ben Urich
Award winning reporter for the Daily Bugle

Luke?

Hey...

What's going on, Jess?

I'm at the *Bugle*.

Dunno. It's very ***weird*** here.

Something's going on.

Why are you *there?*

Dunno.

*But I think everyone thinks **I'm** supposed to know what's going on.*

I'm kinda waiting for someone to tell me why they called me in here.

Are we still fighting?

No.

Good.

I'm sorry I wigged.

I--I don't know what the right thing to do is all the time...

...and when I say "all the time," I mean "never."

I ***never*** know what the right thing to do is.

Just focus on the kid.

There's a ***kid*** in me.

A person is growing in me.

So the novelty hasn't worn off yet?

I had a dream about her.

Her who?

Our daughter.

EXIT

STAIRS

She's a girl?

Pretty sure.

No.

I had a dream and in the dream she was a girl.

So, good, now we don't have to go to a doctor, because...you had a dream.

You'll see.

Okay...and what was this dream?

The doctor told you this.

And she had little baby super powers and she was glowing and...

It was so--

Where was I in this dream?

Was I in this dream at all?

Um...

That's nice.

Maybe you were holding the camera.

Uh, okay, I gotta go.

Okay.

Don't do anything there you don't want to do.

HEY CRACK-HEADS!

WHAT'S MY NAME!?

The camera?

Well, someone had to be filming it. How would I be seeing it?

EXIT

STAIRS

STAT

Agh!

Agh!

I know it's windy, it's not as easy as it looks.

But it's a hellava view.

This is really upsetting, Ben.

Yes, I-I know.

I don't think you do.

If it wasn't--

It's just--it's-it's-it's-it's--

If it wasn't important--

Listen, Peter...

I don't even want to get into it with you. Okay?

Okay.

Really!

Okay.

Osborn.

Yes.

You called about Osborn.

Yeah. He--there's been trouble over at--

How did you figure it *out?*

What?

What? You're asking *what?* How did you figure out *who I really am?*

Peter, you--

Sshh!!

Peter, I'm an award-winning journalist for a major metropolitan newspaper!

We worked together for years, on the *same* stories...

It's more than a *little* insulting to think that I *wouldn't* have figured it out *eventually.*

Agh! I don't want to go there. I don't want to go there with you.

You just asked--

Okay?

Okay.

How did you figure it *out,* though?

Well, first there's the whole thing where you're the only person on the *planet* who ever sold a decent picture of Spider-Man.

Okay, that's--

You used to come into the *Bugle* with *ten rolls* of out-of-focus shots and one good one.

I mean, it was an *autofocus camera.* If you had a serious *muscle disorder* you would have gotten more--

Let's just--

You often smelled like soot.

What?

You smelled like soot--like you'd been in a fire.

I did?

You do now.

I do *now?*

A little.

And you know who else smells like that sometimes?

Matt Murdock.

Oy.

And, if you want to know... *that's* where you *really* blew it with me.

You *told* me you knew Matt Murdock was Daredevil.

I was trying to *help* him--

And I'm thinking to myself:

How on *earth* would a part-time photographer/teaching assistant from Queens know that a blind Hell's Kitchen lawyer named Matt Murdock was the vigilante Daredevil?

How would he-- oh, yeah.

Can we talk about something else?

And all said...I swear on a stack of what-*ever* you want, that I would never, ever, *ever* have broached this thing with you--

--I would *never* have even brought it up.

I would *never* come to you like this--

--if it weren't up-and-down, top-to-bottom, life-or-death important.

Osborn.

People are turning up missing at Oscorp.

Oh, no.

And when one of our reporters confronted him about it...she ended up dead.

Man...

Tell me, flat out.

Tell me...

Norman Osborn is the Green Goblin.

I knew it!!

I KNEW IT!!

This is bad.

##$%$% %^&% it!

He sued me!!

I said in a book--I showed insurmountable *evidence* that he was the Green Goblin and he hit me with a legal $%^& storm.

I know.

I know.

I'll *never* get out from under it. I don't *make* a lot of money!

He crushed me!

My book publisher threatened to sue me. They had to pulp the print run.

Osborn--he bought part of the *Bugle* out from under Jameson only to then sell it to a--

I know.

It knocked the *wind* right out of me!

I-I-I haven't written anything worth a *damn* since all of this and I was *right!!!*

Yeah, and you know what?!! He threw my first true love right off the George Washington Bridge and *killed* her!!

Right in *front* of me!!

So, *okay*?!!

Off a bridge?
Gwen Stacy?
Yeah.
You *knew* her?
Yeah.
I didn't know that.
Peter, I-I just don't understand...how can you let Osborn walk around?
What am I *supposed* to do? *Kill* him?
Sneak into his room at night and *whack* him? Come on!
He's a murderer.
Listen to me, listen...
Truth is: He's crazy. It's really sad.
He's a pathetic, deluded schizo.
And for a long time, as far as I could tell, the Goblin and Norman were like two different people.
It's *that* intense.
He's a killer.
Don't--
You let him walk around--
What am I supposed to do, Ben?
The *only* way to prove he's the Goblin, for me...
...*really* prove it...
...is to admit to the world who *I* am.
And more people think *I'm* a murderer than he is.
He's filthy stinking rich.
People who are filthy stinking rich don't go to jail.
He's *not* going to jail.
I am.
You see?
And *then* what?

You know how many times I have gone head-to-head with this guy?

You have any idea what this costume has cost me? The people I have lost?

She died in my arms.

Now he's just *murdering* people?

I don't know that positively... yet.

But no one has seen the Goblin. Usually--things like that--people see.

This *is* bad.

It looks bad.

What are you going to do? What do you want *me* to do?

I just needed to *know*, from you, I needed to know I'm right. That he is capable--

I think--

Oh, he is.

Yes, I think I can take anything he throws at me if I *know* I'm right.

Jameson, on the other hand...

If this ends up being for real--

If he's just *murdering people*...If *that's* the case...

...well, this-this is it then. This is where it has to stop.

I know.

I mean it.

As far as it has to go, that's how far *I'll* go.

You know, it's not a trust thing.

It's not that I don't *trust* you.

I mean, you've clearly proved with Murdock that you can be trusted with a secret...

...it's just--it's dangerous.

Week after I found out about Matt, his crazy ex-girlfriend stabbed me through the heart.

So, yeah. I know.

I mean it, Ben...

...if this is what it is...

...we can't let it go.

OSCOR

Night, Sheryl.

Stay safe.

Sheryl Doser?

Yes?

Hi, my name is Ben Urich.

Yes?

Did you call Terri Kidder today?

TAXI

Wait, no, no. Listen, we're-- we're just friends from college. We don't--I'm not even ***close*** with her.

It's just, we got together for a ***drink*** and I--

I worked with her at the *Daily Bugle*.

You're not from Oscorp?

No, I'm a reporter.

ON SALE NOW!

What's going on?

Can we find some-place to talk?

What is ***going on?***

Terri Kidder was found dead this morning.

No...

Can--oh, are you all right? I know this is some-thing to--

No...

Can you tell me what you and she talked about last night?

She works in accounts payable at Oscorp.

Yesterday afternoon--she has a late drink with Kidder--it's at this point that she says that there are missing people at Oscorp.

A few people there have up and disappeared.

Missing people.

At Oscorp.

Jonah, Kidder was new here--she didn't know our history with Osborn.

She went there and didn't come back.

I'm going to the police with what I have...and then I am writing the story.

The police will be able to access Kidder's phone records.

If she called Oscorp. If she made any type of communication with Norman, an appointment.

If she went to Oscorp. If *anyone* saw her.

I understand.

Will you publish it?

If Osborn was the last person to see her alive.

If!! If!! *If!!* And *if* Osborn comes swinging back at us again.

Like *last* time.

That's *it!*

When you were *so* right.

That's it for *you* and *that's* it for the *Bugle!!*

I'm not wrong.

Ben...

I'm not wrong!

The man--the man is ***murdering*** people.

He ***is*** the Green Goblin.

And you ***know*** it!!

And with our help now the police can ***prove*** it.

He's ***nuts!***

He's been nuts for ***years*** and now he's ***murdering*** people.

Who gives a damn about anything else!!

Ben...

You've proved this once before and ***what*** did it ***get*** us?!!

Where did it get us? He almost took this paper!!

This will look like a cheap vendetta and it'll--

Who ***cares*** what it ***looks*** like?!!

He murdered one of your reporters!!

I built this entire paper with my own sweat and my own tears and I'll be ***damned*** if I'm going to ***let*** him just take it!!

Um--

Sorry, but one of the most famous men in the city is really this totally evil crazy serial killer?

And you ***know*** it.

Um, what's the point of even ***having*** a paper if you can't tell everyone that?

Isn't telling people stuff like this, like, the ***only*** reason to work here?

Robbie...

I was going to say exactly what she said.

Ben, if you do this wrong...

I know.

I'm going to call the homicide detectives--

But this is what you say to them--

I'll call the lawyers.

Jessica. Go with him.

But- but, I can't bodyguard him.

I'm pregnant.

Everyone at this paper-- everyone involved in this story has a personal, um, investment in it.

They're too close to it.

Including me.

I need your eyes for this. I need your outsider, clear-eyed perspective.

So does Ben.

This is exactly what I hired you for.

The police will be there.

I just need your eyes.

OSCORP

May I help you?

My name is Detective Regina Gans.

I need to speak to Norman Osborn.

One moment...

And they just let you come along?

They're going to be on the cover of the *Daily Bugle*.

God bless America.

Yeah...

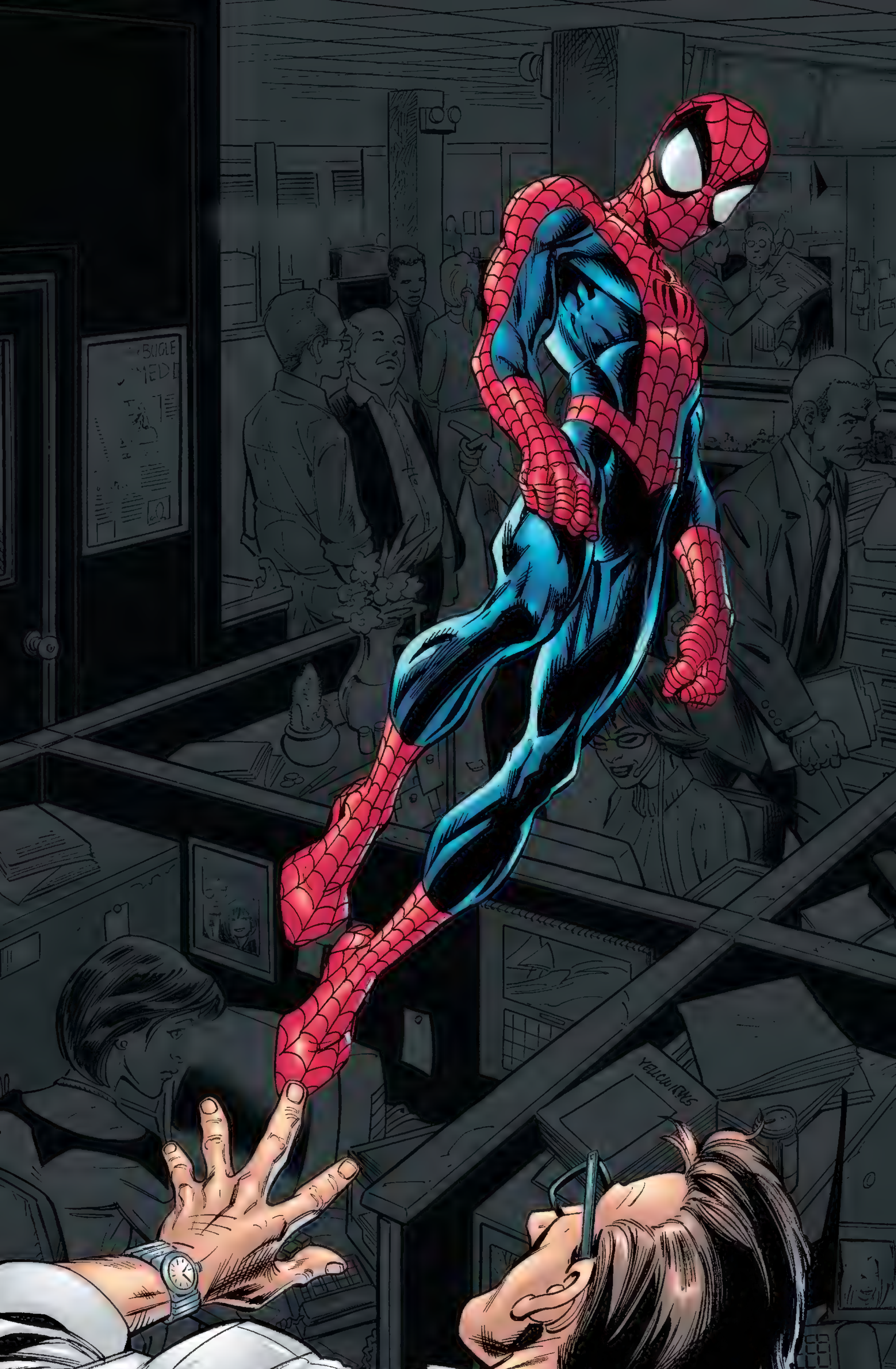
They always have so many cops for something like this?

This is a possible 567.

Super-villain.

You smell smoke?

He'll be right--


BUGLE

#5

BOOM

Lady, I know I look cute in the tights...but there are *much* better ways to meet me.

Aguugh! Agh!

See, this is why Ben Urich needs to hire me as a body-guard--

AAAYYYRRGGHH!!

Just stay here and try to catch your breath. You're okay. You're doing great.

Aaagghh!! My baby!! My baby!!

You were holding a baby??

I'm *PREGNANT!!! HE KILLED MY BABY!!*

Oh God!!! He killed my baby!!

Mr. Urich, I appreciate how hard you've worked to get your story...

RUMP

But my official comment...

...is no comment!!

Tell me, in your profession, *is* there a story if no one lives to tell it?

Aacckk!

Uucckkk!!

Yes, yes...

I won't lie to you, Mr. Urich, this is something I have often fantasized about in my private moments.

Uucckkk!!

Cchhh...

I know the feeling...

SMACK

Nooo!!! No!!!

Parker!!

Hey, shush! Not in front of the press!

Norman, did you go out and buy yourself an all-*new* kind of crazy?

Now you're just murdering people because the little goblins in your crazy head told you to?

I thought I could count on you to just be devious...this new twist is really disappointing, and trust me, I know disa--

AGH!

Die!

SMASH

You killed my baby, you $%^&er!!

CLANK

YOU KILLED my baby!!

Whoa...

NO!!

I'm not done!!

What you've done to me!! What you've done!!

FTUNK

SMACK

We can't let this happen!!

Gotcha!

NOOO!!

NO!!

No, he's getting aaaaway.

NOOOO!!!

No!! Lord no!!

Whoa!

Killed her...my baby...

Oh God!!

NYU Medical Center

I am sorry I took so long.

There was a mutant attack uptown and traffic-- anyway...

You were in an explosion?

Give me a minute here.

Has there been bleeding?

No.

No is good.

This might be cold.

And this attack happened at Oscorp?

Yes.

Tsk. I own stock in Oscorp. Bet I take a bath.

Let's see. Okay.

See that there?

Oh no.

No, please don't show me this.

No, look... see? See that?

That's the heart.

It's flashing.

It's beating.

It's alive?

Very much so. Yes...

Ms. Jones, you're a mutant?

Some sort of super hero?

No.

She is. Not a mutant, the other thing.

You have powers?

Things you can do other women can't?

Yes.

Well, not to be too technical, but it looks like you have the insides to match.

You're one tough broad.

Do you have other super hero friends?

Uh...

Because you're definitely going to have to see a specialist as the pregnancy goes on...

But my doctor said--

Not to alarm you, because I know you had a traumatic day, but you may have some other complications to deal with and most probably a very difficult labor.

But today...?

But today...your child is fine.

Both of you are tough cookies.

No broken bones?

It doesn't have any bones yet.

We need a specialist.

You're the father, Mr. Cage?

Yeah.

Big fan.

Are you okay?

I thought--I thought--

I know. But it's okay. Everything is okay.

I have to go.

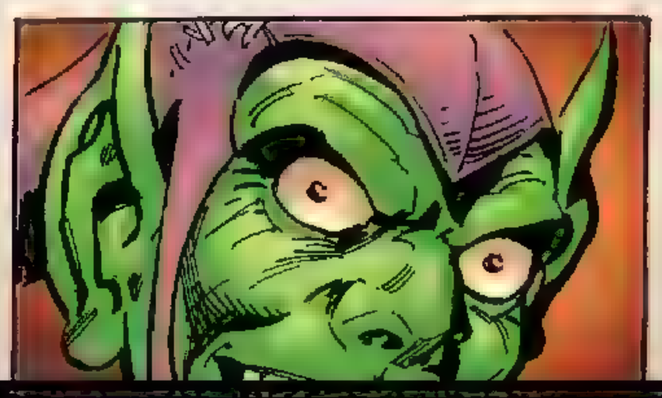
You're leaving?

I can't let this go.

DAILY BUGLE

NORMAN OSBORN *IS* THE GREEN GOBLIN

COP KILLER CAUGHT/TO FACE TRIAL



My client has been charged with ***nothing.***

My client surrendered himself ***to*** the authorities and is fully cooperating with the police.

My client is a ***victim*** in this just like everyone else--

--compounded by the constant attacks and harassment by the *Daily Bugle* and its publisher, J. Jonah Jameson.

The Bugle has taken every opportunity to ***slander and malign*** my client--and this time it has gone ***too far!!***

To use this tragedy as yet another excuse to lob ***wild*** and ***unfounded*** accusations is not only totally inappropriate...

...but ***repulsive*** to the memories of the fine officers and Oscorp employees that died during Spider-Man's vicious attack on Oscorp.

It's a sad day when honorable men like Norman Osborn are the victims of this city.

WSB NEWS

Driver... Today?

I can't--the photographers--

Mow them down.

Norman, Norman, I swear to god...you have to tell me *what is going on.*

You have to help me help you.

If you come clean with me here and now-- I can get you off...

...but I have to know *what* I am dealing with.

I didn't spend fifteen years keeping Wilson Fisk's fat butt out of prison to watch you crash and burn like this.

I can *do* this. Let me earn my money.

What will the police *find* when they do their search and seize? Tell me and I can start to--

Gwen Stacy...

Who?

That's where it happened.

It'll burn off their clothes and then their flesh will scream.

I will hear those screams.

She knew this.

What?

AAGGH!!

Driver!!

FWUMP

Come on out, Osborn!!

You do *not* mess with Luke Cage's family!!

Come on out!!

Aagghh!!

AAAGGHH!!

Whoah!! Whoahwhoah whoah!!

Luke, what are you *doing*, man?

I'm doing what any self-respecting man on the planet *Earth* would do!

Aaggh! Aghh!!

There he is!!

There!!

Norman! We have to--

FOK

ARGH!

SMASH

I was here because I was worried about Osborn attacking civvies!! Not because I thought *you* would attack--

Here we go!!

And this is why you don't fight--

--idiots like Osborn in *public!!*

Gonna lose my shirt.

BOOM

BOOM

Damn!

Jeez!

You need unbreakable pants.

Unbreakable skin.

I've heard that one.

BOOM

Osborn!

Stop this!!

It's over!!

THWIP

Norman!!

AAAGGH!

Sorry.

SMACK

Excuse me, Mr. Cage? Kat Farrell, *Daily Bugle*...

What exactly is your relationship to Osborn?

I'm busy.

I'm from the *Daily Bugle*. Pretty sure you just made the front page.

Whaddaya want from me? I already gave you your story.

Yes, you did.

Jonah! It's on T.V.

It's over!

--police have apprehended industrialist Norman Osborn after what has been reported as a violent and exhaustive chase with his life-long enemy--

--a man this city knows as Spider-Man.

--reports that Norman Osborn is the costumed murderer known as the **GREEN GOBLIN** seem to now be **confirmed** by city officials as fact.

We are also receiving reports that Osborn has been arrested for the multiple murders of three police detectives and--I'm sorry--

Yes, I'm sorry, information is coming in now at a rapid pace.

I didn't think we'd get a bigger story this year than the fall of Wilson Fisk--but here it is...

One of the city's most recognizable industrialists is discovered to be one of the city's most famous predators.

The families of The Goblin's victims must be sighing with relief.

All and all, though, it looks like the **Daily Bugle** was right after all.

Looks like.

Our hat's off to our reporter brothers and sisters who stood tall in the face of adversity and got the truth out there.

This is a gigantic story and I bet Jonah Jameson must be pretty pleased with himself today.

Well, I'm sure we'll be hearing all about it.

Hahahahaha!

Hahahaha!

God! Editorialize your stories some ***more,*** why don't you?

All right, people!!

Kat, get your tuchas over to the courthouse and then to Riker's!!

Tell archives I want to pull the Osborn stories we ran two years ago when we got this story right the ***first time!!***

Someone pull that piece of crap book Urich wrote, let's run excerpts from it in our Sunday Pulse!

See if we can't sell one or two of these things-- Robbie!

Swarm the Oscorp employees.

I want quotes! I want reaction! And I want art.

Reporters! ***Listen!***

People died because of this. Including one of us.

Let the TV idiots lose the real story because they have five seconds of fireworks on videotape.

Every single person that died at the hands of this maniac. Every single one.

We ***will*** tell their story.

How's the wrist?

Hurts.

Can you type?

This story? Yes, I can.

You wanna tell me what Daredevil's real name is?

And you call yourself a reporter?

No.

Osborn's specific psychosis is known in the medical community as...

DAILY BUGLE

OSBORN JAILED!!

A BUGLE EXCLUSIVE.

Screw the rest of it...

...all I care about is you.

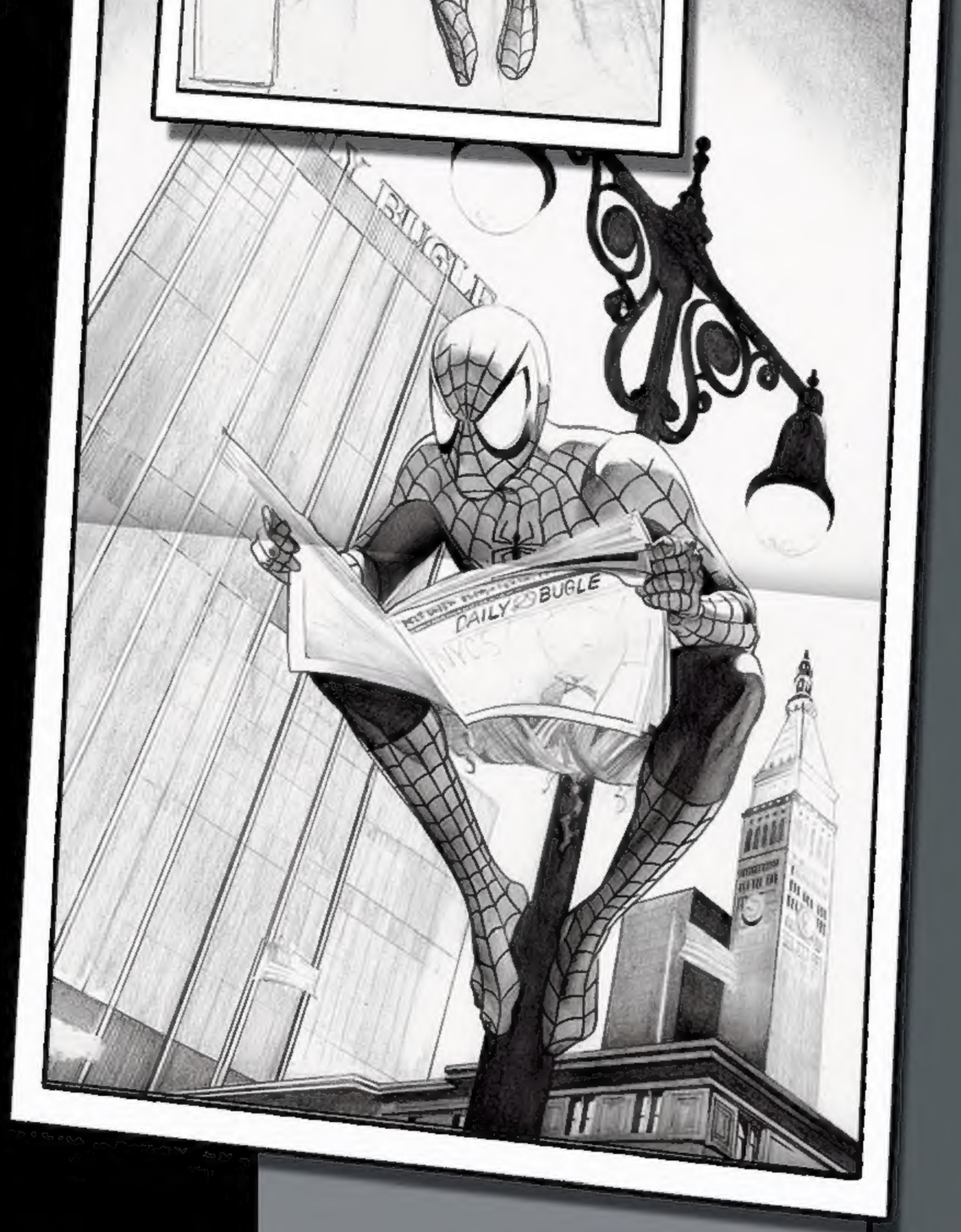
Next: Secret War

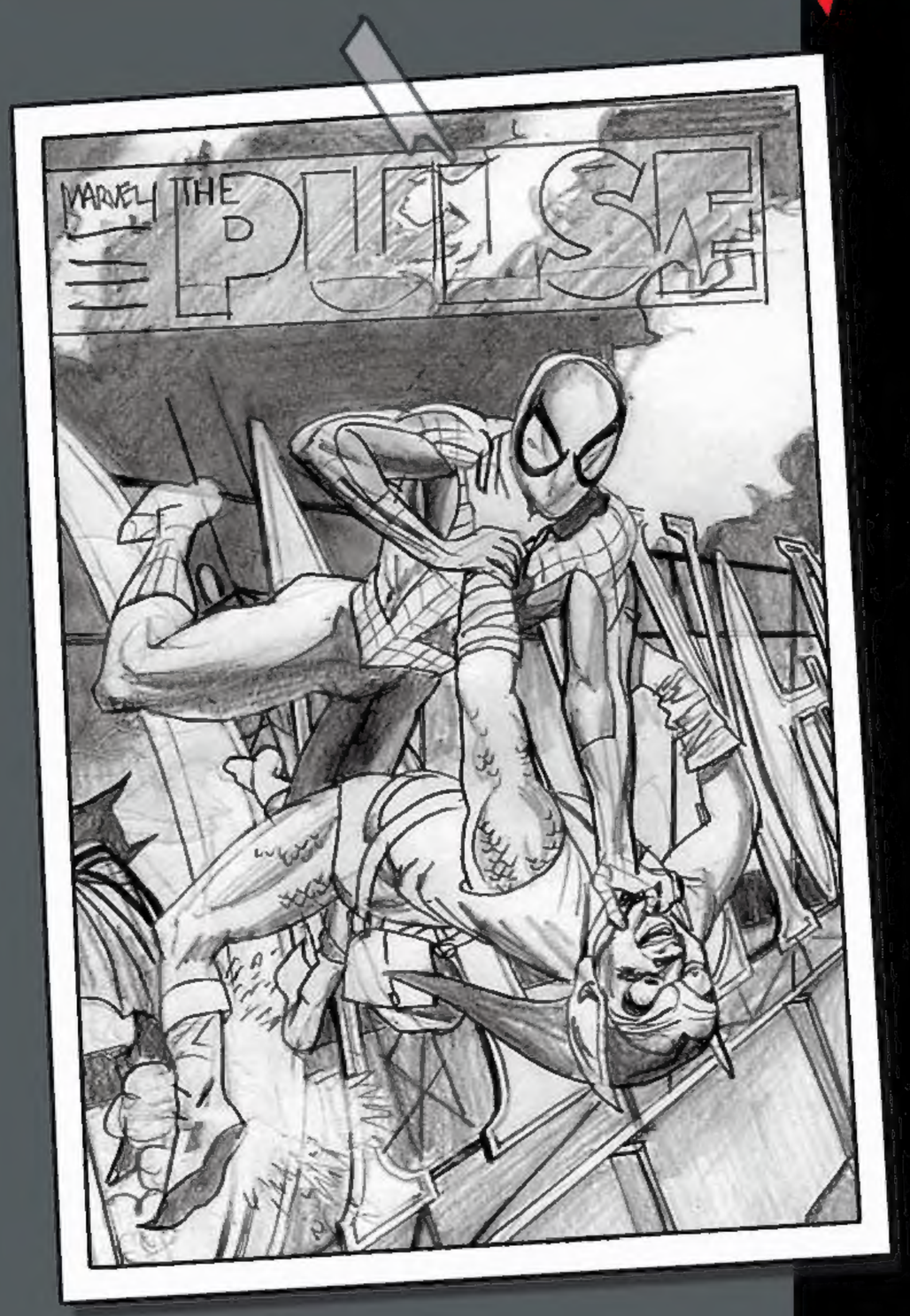
Issue #1 Cover
Layouts & Pencils

Issue #2 Cover
Layouts & Pencils

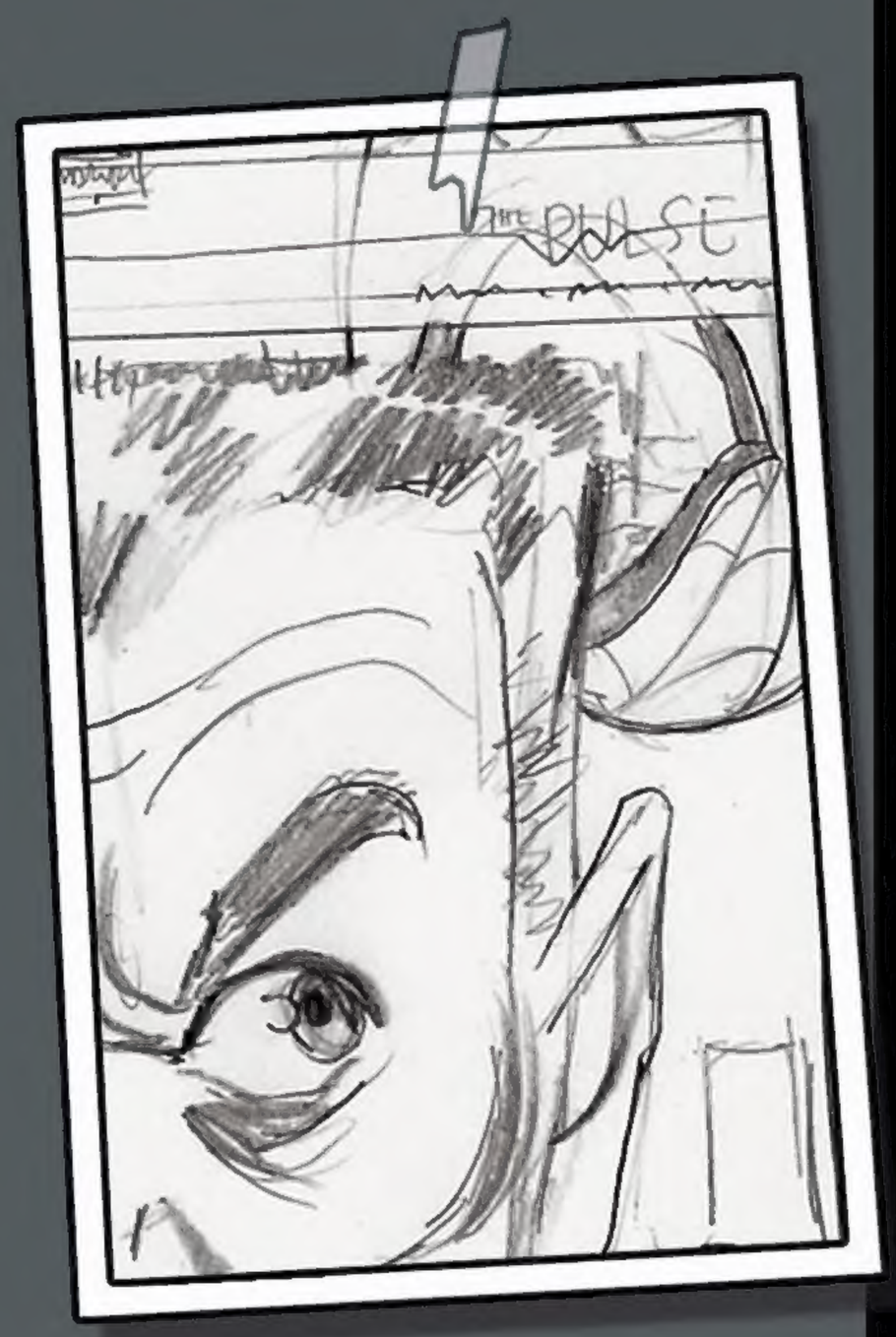
Issue #3 Cover
Layouts

Issue #5 Cover
Sketch





Unused Cover Layouts



Unused Cover

KAMIC RIDER
MARIKA